2060
EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

MISSIONARY ANNALS

THE LIFE OF

ADONIRAM JUDSON

MISSIONARY TO BURMAH

1813 to 1850

BY

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ADONIRAM JUDSON.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — BOYHOOD — EARLY CHARACTERISTICS AND AMBITIONS.

ALL life is a book of beginnings — the end is not yet. We may note the cause and watch the continuance of influence and event, but the conclusion is beyond us still.

We are usually much interested in first things — the earliest inception of conspicuous movements, the dawn of great eras, the seed thoughts of mighty revolutions, or the turning points of wonderful victories.

The early history of the era of modern missions in America is interesting to all who love the cause, and to the simply curious as well, while, because we like to have a personal center for all events, the story of one of those most nearly concerned in the great movement enlists our attention at once.

For this reason the name of Dr. Judson stirs the desire to know intimately "the man who filled a hemisphere and half a century with deeds of sublime devotion;" the missionary whose life and labors are the heritage of the Christian world.

Adoniram Judson was born in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788. The distance of a hundred years, save one, may "lend enchantment" to the view of that doubtless old-fashioned cradle and the dark-eyed baby boy. He was the eldest son of Adoniram and Abigail Judson, the father being a Congregational minister, a man of inflexible integrity and great

strength of character; the mother, more gentle, but devoted and true. The father's family government was somewhat patriarchal. His dignified authority none dared to defy, his one seeming weakness being a desire for eminence for his children, sometimes unguardedly shown. At this period of American history, nearly every mother seemed to expect her son to be "the coming man," and the record is, that publishing houses were burdened with little biographies of "old heads on young shoulders." Adoniram's mother must have shared this prevalent feeling, for she gave him long pieces to learn, and taught the precocious child to read at the tender age of three.

She stimulated him to accomplish this during the father's absence at one time, and upon his return, his boy surprised him by reading a chapter in the Bible. Strange to relate, he survived this forcing process apparently unhurt; but he neither practiced it nor recommended it for other children afterward.

At four years of age he was fond of "playing church" with the little children of the neighborhood, always acting as preacher himself, and even then his favorite hymn was, "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

He was an enterprising youth, and of an investigating turn. At the age of seven, becoming seriously interested in the question of the sun's moving, he determined to settle it for himself, as he wished to do with every difficulty, and made his astronomical observations lying flat on his back, gazing through a hole in his hat. In this position he was found at noon, after a long absence from the house, with his eyes swollen and nearly blinded by the light. He privately informed his little sister that he had "found out about the sun's moving," but how he reached his conclusion he never told her.

At ten he studied navigation, and made great progress. In the grammar school he became especially proficient in Greek. The boys called him "Old Virgil dug up," partly because of a peculiar hat which he wore, and partly because of his studious habits.

At sixteen he entered what is now Brown University, a year in advance. He was very ambitious to excel, and one of his classmates writes of him: "I have no recollection of his ever failing or even hesitating in a recitation." He was graduated at the age of nineteen, and was appointed valedictorian of his class, of which honor he enthusiastically informed his father in a short letter: "Dear Father, I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. Judson."

The president of the college, in a letter to the father, testified to the uniform good conduct and diligence of the promising young student.

Young Judson's early ambitions were lofty and boundless, even extravagant, in their character and comprehensiveness. Something great and grand he would be, and preëminent, whatever the profession or position. At one time, when especially indulging these anticipations, his thoughts were embittered by the sudden question, "What then?" and his mind turned toward religious pursuits, with some appreciation of the distinction of being "a great divine." But he was startled at the feelings roused, and was afraid to look into his heart, lest he find that he did not really wish to become a Christian.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER GRADUATION — SKEPTICAL VIEWS — WANDERINGS AND ADVENTURES — CONVERSION — CONSECRATION TO THE MINISTRY.

IN 1807 young Judson opened a private academy in Plymouth, where he taught for nearly a year, and in leisure moments prepared "The Elements of English Grammar," and "Young Lady's Arithmetic," books which were extremely creditable to the author, considering his years.

Though breathing a Christian atmosphere from infancy, and living an upright life, the heart of this young man was, as yet, untouched by the truth.

While in college he was much influenced by a brilliant young man named E——, who was a confirmed deist, and from him imbibed skeptical views, for which his father treated him severely, while his mother wept over him. His father's arguments he believed he could answer, but his mother's tears he could not forget.

After closing Plymouth Academy, the young teacher determined to "see the world," and set out on a tour through the northern states, an expedition filled with adventures, and escapades too, perhaps, if the truth be told. At all events, he afterward regretted many of the experiences and exploits of this trip. The gentle and serious conversation of a young minister, whom he met incidentally at Sheffield, made a deep impression, which he could not quite dismiss.

The next night, stopping at a country inn, the landlord mentioned that a young man lay dying in the room next his, but he hoped it would not seriously disturb the night's rest.

Though asserting that the nearness of death made no difference to him, save to excite sympathy, it was a restless night for young Judson. He could not help wondering if the man were ready to die, though such questionings put to blush his new philosophy. "What would his friend E —— think of him!"

As soon as possible in the morning he sought the landlord with inquiries for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the announcement.

"*Dead!* Do you know who he was?"

"Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College, a fine fellow. His name was E ——."

It was an hour before the shock of this intelligence allowed connected thought. "Dead! dead! Lost! lost!" The words would ring in his ears. Judson knew now, in his inmost soul, that the religion of the Bible was true.

Giving up all thought of further travel he returned to Plymouth, and, after conference with the theological professors at Andover, entered that institution one year in advance. As he was not a professing Christian, an exception to the rule was made in his favor, in the hope that, while pursuing the studies toward which his mind was turning, light would come to the troubled spirit.

The marked day in his calendar was December 2, 1808, when he solemnly dedicated himself to God. In May, 1809, he united with Plymouth Congregational Church, being then twenty-one years of age. His father, the pastor, received him into the church. His consecration to the ministry seemed inseparable from his conversion; and now the ardor of his nature emphasized and colored his whole Christian life. "Holiness to the Lord" was henceforth to be written on every power and faculty of body, mind and spirit. Not that he immediately attained it; long and sharp must be the

struggle before self and self-seeking could be erased, and the inscription shine in letters of light.

"Is it pleasing to God?" was the question he wished to ask himself with reference to everything.

To assist his memory, he inscribed it on several articles sure to meet his eye very often, saying of this expedient, "Is it not a good plan? But, after all, it will be of no use unless I resolve in Divine strength instantly to obey the decision of conscience."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DUTY REGARDING MISSION WORK — CONVICTION STRENGTHENED — NEW ASSOCIATES — APPLICATION FOR APPOINTMENT AS A MISSIONARY — ORGANIZATION OF THE A. B. C. F. M.

IN September, 1809, came one of the turning-points in Mr. Judson's life — one of "the beginnings"; and all through the reading of a little book.

How well it was that to the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan "the angel said, Write," for it was his little book, called "The Star in the East," that was influential in first turning the student's thought to the claims of foreign missions. After seriously considering his own duty, he decided, in February, 1810, that God had called him to the distant and difficult field. He *must* obey, and he *would*. His impetuous and tumultuous spirit was carried into this, as well as into everything else. His enthusiasm was boundless. He devoured everything he could find upon this subject in the most voracious way. But it is notable that, while the immediate effect of that first book and that initial impulse naturally passed away, and he took a more comprehensive view of the subject, his ardor continued unabated till life's end. His "passion for missions" never cooled or wavered. He was once asked, "whether faith or love most influenced his decision." He replied that it was little of either in himself, but that one day, walking in the woods at Andover, when all seemed gloomy and the distant field dismayed him, suddenly the great command "Go ye!" came to him with such power that he felt he *must* obey, and after that he never faltered for an instant.

His thoughts turned toward the East, and Burmah especially attracted his eager heart, after reading Col. Syme's "Embassy to Ava." His romantic nature found these glowing pictures peculiarly congenial; but it is again remarkable that the interest thus developed was never lost, though the fervid feeling excited by the book could not keep its white heat.

Samuel Nott, Jr., was the first, and for a time the only one, to give encouragement to the young enthusiast.

While Mr. Judson was considering the question of his own duty, four young men came from Williams College to Andover. These were Samuel J. Mills, Jr., James Richards, Luther Rice and Gordon Hall. The famous "Haystack Monument," in Williamstown, now marks the spot where these young men consecrated themselves to the work of Foreign Missions. Their coming to Andover at this time was most opportune. God's providences always are. The germinal thought, already in Mr. Judson's mind, no doubt grew into purpose partly through the influence of these kindred spirits. Henceforth a common impulse moved these devoted young men, and they took counsel together concerning the matters of the kingdom in its utmost borders.

Although the missionary constitution, to which they affixed their names, pledged each to hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where God should call, there was no way open whereby they might be sent.

The only existing organization, the Massachusetts Missionary Society, founded in 1799, was limited to work in New England and among the Indians. Advised by their friends, the young men submitted to the General Association, which met at Bradford, a paper presenting their wishes and purposes in reference to foreign work, and asking support, direction and prayers. Four students signed this

paper. The names of two others, originally appended, were stricken off for fear of alarming the ministers by too great a number! Acting upon this petition, the Association passed a set of resolutions, virtually organizing a new society adapted to present needs, and thus came into being the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY TO ENGLAND — CAPTURE BY FRENCH PRIVATEER — IMPRISONMENT IN BAYONNE — RESCUE — RECEPTION IN ENGLAND — RETURN — APPOINTMENT BY THE BOARD — ACQUAINTANCE WITH ANN HASSELTINE.

THE new Board of Missions, "an infant of days," and uncertain as to the support to be expected from the churches, was not ready for immediate aggressive action, and deemed it expedient to discover if English coöperation might not be possible and advisable. To this end Mr. Judson was sent to London to confer with the Missionary Society on the question of support for the candidates, either entire or partial.

He sailed for London January 11, 1811. The ship "Packet" was captured on the way by a French privateer, and the first real hardships of this youthful life, which were then endured, brought with them the temptation to regret the choice made. He could not help thinking of "the biggest church in Boston," whose co-pastorship he had been offered and had refused. It was his first moment of misgiving, but was speedily overcome by recourse to the refuge with which he was familiar.

Arrived in Bayonne, while being marched through the streets to prison, he exhausted his small stock of French in protest against the injustice, and then began declaiming violently in English, hoping to attract attention, which he did, finally — a stranger advising him, in the same language, to stop his "senseless clamor." "I will," said Mr. Judson, "with great pleasure. I was only clamoring for a listener." He then explained his position, and found

that the gentleman was an American, and willing to help him.

Worn and ill as he was, from the discomforts of the voyage, the prison air and filthy appointments made him faint and sick. He could not bear to lie down upon the wretched straw, and so paced up and down for hours, as it seemed, wondering if his new friend would come. Thoughts of home and of "the biggest church in Boston" were again suggested by the tempter, but this time with no power to dishearten even, for courage and faith had triumphed.

At length the friendly stranger came, in company with the jailer, and wearing an immense cloak. "Let me see," said the American, indifferently, "if I know any of these poor fellows. No; no friends of mine," he added, carelessly, after examination; and approaching Mr. Judson, dexterously flung his cloak over him, and concealing him in the voluminous folds, slipped out with him, blinding the jailer's eyes by a piece of money as they passed him.

But, though rescued from prison, six weeks of seclusion passed before the necessary papers were obtained which would insure safe departure from France.

When at length Mr. Judson reached England his reception was most gratifying. He is described as being at this time "small and delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, giving an appearance of extreme youthfulness, his hair and eyes being a dark shade of brown. His voice took people by surprise. Being once in the pulpit with Rowland Hill, and reading a hymn by request, that eccentric minister said, by way of introduction afterward, that this young brother intended to devote himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, "and if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India."

The London Missionary Society deemed coöperation un-

wise, but offered appointments to the young men, which, upon hearing, the American Board thought best to decline, and therefore undertook their support, and formally commissioned them to labor in Asia, as Providence should open the way.

With a fair prospect of his heart's desire being given him, to go to "regions beyond," Mr. Judson had also the hope of companionship thither in the person of Miss Ann Hasseltine, whom he met at the memorable meeting at Bradford, seeing her for the first time at her father's table, as she waited upon the guests. A beautiful, gifted and sprightly young girl she was. Her attention was attracted toward the young minister whose bold missionary projects had made such a stir. To her amazement he seemed absorbed in his plate! She could not know, however, that he was at that moment engaged in composing a graceful stanza in her praise. He must have told her afterward, though, or how should we know? It is not probable that he wasted that beautiful verse.

Miss Hasseltine, in early girlhood, was of a restless, mirthful, vivacious spirit, and richly endowed with personal and mental gifts. At the age of sixteen, the "beauty of the Lord our God" gave grace to every gift, and she was thereafter, in every way, divinely fitted for the life upon which she was to enter, as one of the first lady-missionaries ever sent from America to a heathen land.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE — DEPARTURE FOR INDIA — CHANGE OF VIEWS ON BAPTISM — DIFFICULTY OF FINDING FOOT-HOLD IN INDIA — SETTLEMENT IN RANGOON.

ON the 5th of February, 1812, Mr. Judson was married to Miss Hasseltine, having taken final leave of his parents two days before. They never opposed his going, although it was a costly sacrifice for them.

On the 6th of the month ordination services took place, and on the 19th Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, sailed from Salem in the brig "Caravan," bound for Calcutta.

During the voyage Mr. Judson was led to reconsider his views upon baptism, wishing to defend them before the Baptist brethren he expected to meet, and also to be "fully persuaded in his own mind" concerning his course with heathen converts.

After careful and prayerful examination, and a long struggle with a natural inclination to retain the views of early life and associations, he relinquished his former opinions, and accepted sincerely the interpretations of the Baptists. Mrs. Judson was greatly opposed to this change, always taking the Pedobaptist side in argument, and insisting that even should her husband become a Baptist, she would not. However, her own views finally changed, and she, with her husband, requested immersion at the hands of the Baptist missionaries, upon arrival in Calcutta.

This decision must have been a conscientious one, from whatever standpoint it is regarded, for it was one that cost them much.

The feeling of regret and disappointment on the part of the American Board and friends at home was afterward allayed, and then lost in rejoicing over the achievements of the messengers whom they had at least *started* on their way. Moreover, the awakening of interest in the Baptist denomination, by this occurrence, which laid upon that branch new responsibilities, with an irresistible appeal, led to the formation of another Board of Missions.

But now, on the threshold of foreign work, the open door that had invited the workers seemed to close in their faces. The East India Company was prejudiced against missionary effort, believing it would tend to make the natives discontented and rebellious.

Ten days after their arrival in Calcutta Mr. and Mrs. Judson were ordered to return to America; but finally permission was given to go to the Isle of France, whither they went, after many difficulties, reaching Port Louis January 17, 1813.

Here they met the heavy tidings of the death of Mrs. Newell, the beloved friend and missionary associate of Mrs. Judson. She had just endured the perils of a rough voyage from Calcutta, and on the 30th of November, immediately after landing, she was called hence where there is "no more sea." That it was in her heart to serve was set to her account, and she was early called and crowned.

As there seemed a chance of establishing a mission in Prince of Wales Island, the Judsons concluded to go there, and embarked for Madras, as the only way to reach that point; but in Madras they were again under the jurisdiction of the East India Company. Arrest, and orders to go to England, threatened them, and their only escape was in the direction of Rangoon, Burmah, a place which they had always regarded with horror and dread. All other paths being

closed they embarked June 2, in a crazy old vessel, for Rangoon. On the wearisome voyage Mrs Judson was taken violently ill, but the ship being driven into a quiet though dangerous channel, the relief of this rest from the tossing waves brought restoration, and on reaching Rangoon she was carried into the town, and a resting-place was found in the mission house belonging to Mr. Felix Cary, then absent in Ava.

Everything appeared forlorn and gloomy enough, and at first the brave hearts of the missionaries almost sank within them; yet they looked up, took courage, and addressed themselves to their work.

CHAPTER VI.

BURMAH.

AT the time Mr. and Mrs. Judson reached Rangoon, what are now two countries, British and Independent Burmah, formed one empire, ruled by one monarch with his throne at Ava.

The geographical area was 280,000 square miles, or four times as great as that of New England. The population numbered from six to eight millions, including Burmans, and several tribes of half-wild people, with habits and language differing from the ruling race.

Three rivers run southward through the country, the Irriwaddy being the largest, and there are high mountains, fertile valleys, ranges of hills, fine forests, lakes and streams, and tropical fruits and flowers. During two months in the year the heat is extreme, but for the rest, the climate is not particularly trying. Wild and fierce animals and offensive reptiles abound, so that lizards dropping from the roof may season one's dinner, and poisonous serpents frighten the children from the thickets in the yard.

The Burmans belong to the Mongolian race, with almost beardless faces, dark skin, high cheek bones, and eyes usually obliquely set. They are described as being cheerful, ignorant, inquisitive when mental exertion is not required, indifferent to blood-shedding, yet not specially cruel as individuals, idle, averse to discipline, not reliably truthful, without fixedness of purpose or perseverance, and happily free from prejudices of caste or creed, and disposed to yield to the superiority of Europeans.

The government was an absolute despotism. The whole country was divided into provinces, townships, districts and villages, over each of which was placed a governor, significantly called an "Eater," who, through his subordinates, taxed every family to the utmost, and the whole system was one of extortion to the last degree.

Buddhism is the religion of Burmah, found here and in the island of Ceylon in its purest form. It is a religion "without God, prayer, pardon or heaven." Mrs. Judson writes of it: "The Burman system is like an alabaster image—perfect and beautiful in its parts, but destitute of life, providing for no atonement for sin, without power over the heart, or restraint upon the passions."

Mr. Judson felt assured that God had called him to Burmah, where, at the time of his coming, there was not a single native who had accepted the religion of Jesus Christ.

Rangoon, though a wretched place of from eight to ten thousand people, was ruled over by a savage governor in high favor at court, and was in reality a strategic point.

A year and a half after setting forth, the missionaries found themselves settled, and began the study of the language, though with few helps at command.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN RANGOON — THE STUDY OF THE LANGUAGE — DEATH OF LITTLE ROGER — THE FIRST INQUIRER — MATTHEW TRANSLATED — FIRST BAPTISM.

THE Burman language is, with the exception of the Chinese, one of the most difficult to acquire. Its monosyllabic structure makes it peculiarly hard to manage, so that in translating even the simplest sentences of the Gospel, they had to be "chopped up and decomposed, in order to adapt them to this peculiar tongue." Yet such was Mr. Judson's natural facility for acquiring language, and such his indomitable will and his diligence in study, that in a short time he was able to make himself understood, and also to prepare several translations of tracts in the uncouth language in which he afterward became remarkably proficient.

Mrs. Judson, with characteristic energy and quickness, gained command over Burman speech, and used it to advantage.

In addition to the tracts prepared, which, it is worthy of note, were the original means of exciting the first inquirer, Mr. Judson began a translation of the New Testament. Exactly three years after his arrival in Burmah, he completed a grammar, which, though an unpretentious little volume, was one of the most perfect of its kind, and remarkable for its clearness and adaptability to the student's need.

All these efforts he considered incidental to the great work of oral teaching, and he constantly sought opportuni-

ties for personal contact and converse with the people, "teaching and preaching Jesus Christ." These early preparatory years were very full, and very trying. Think of the dauntless courage of this young missionary. Standing on the lower levels of Burmah, confronting an almost unbroken line of heathenism, feeling his own limitations, longing to hasten the victory, yet set about with vast difficulties, he nevertheless held fast his confidence. In the darkest hour of the history of missions this fearless leader at the front sent back this ringing cry to the rear and to the base of supplies: "If they ask what promise of ultimate success is here, tell them, 'as much as that there is an almighty and faithful God who will perform His promises, and no more.' And if that does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay here and try it, and to give us our bread, or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the word of God to sustain it, beg them at least not to prevent others from giving us bread, and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again."

On the 4th of May, 1816, a shadow fell on the happy home in Burmah, where Christian love relieved the darkness of surrounding heathenism. The fair boy, Roger Williams, who for nearly eight months had been "a little comfort in a dreary place," was taken from them. The touching grief that breathes in the letters, written at this time, shows the tender and loving hearts of these brave missionaries —strong to endure, yet sensitive to suffering.

Under date of March 7, 1817, Mr. Judson mentions the first genuine inquirer, who, having seen the little tracts, came to ask for "more of this sort of writing," and being very urgent, received two folded proof-sheets of Matthew's Gospel, then going through the press.

A year afterward he came again, but no further mention is made of him.

Four years of incessant labor having broken down Mr. Judson's health, he planned a short sea-voyage to Chittagong, up the coast. An opportunity occurred to go and return by the same vessel, and he hoped, meantime, to collect the few scattered disciples of that place, and perhaps bring back one or two who might assist him as "helpers."

He prepared for an absence of only a few weeks, but the ship changed her course, and met with various adversities and detentions. Mr. Judson's illness increased, and the fever, the moldy food, insufficient clothing, and other severe privations, reduced him almost to the point of death, while his involuntary absence was lengthened to almost two-thirds of a precious year.

Meanwhile, cholera broke out and raged in Rangoon, and political complications arose, which made it seem unsafe for Mrs. Judson and the associate missionaries to remain there. Rev. Mr. Hough and family went on board ship for Bengal, persuading Mrs. Judson against her will to embark with them. The ship being detained in the harbor, she finally insisted upon returning and taking the risk of her husband's finding her in Rangoon, although from Christmas until July no word reached her and she knew not where he was. With heroic determination she remained in the deserted mission house alone, and there Mr. Judson found her on his return, after the untold sufferings and anxieties of his voyage. After this troublous time, the mission prospects brightened. Re-enforcements arrived — Messrs. Colman and Wheelock and their wives. And now Mr. Judson's long-cherished plan of opening a zayat, or preaching-place and school-house combined, was accomplished, and he began public services in the little chapel built for this purpose.

He was thirty-one years old, and had been in Rangoon six years before he ventured to preach a sermon in the Burmese tongue. Seven years and four months after leaving America, and six years after coming to Rangoon, the first Burman convert was baptized. Oh, the joy over the first sheaf! His son says of the missionary, "The secret of the sublime faith that made him endure without misgiving so many weary years of sowing, without seeing a single blade of grain, may be found in the lines penciled on the cover of a book used in compiling the Burman dictionary:"

"In joy or sorrow health or pain,
Our course is upward still,
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill."

CHAPTER VIII.

ZAYAT WORK — TRIP TO AVA — FAILURE OF THE MISSION AT COURT — MRS. JUDSON'S VISIT TO AMERICA — SECOND JOURNEY TO AVA — PURPOSE TO ESTABLISH A MISSION — REMOVAL TO AVA.

IN the year 1818 the mission at Rangoon seemed to reach its most interesting period.

With remarkable and increasing command of the language, Mr. Judson not only continued his arduous work of translating the Scriptures and multiplying Burman tracts, but was enabled to do the personal work which he considered of supreme importance. Into this he entered with a devout and tireless enthusiasm.

Blessed be enthusiasm! What aggressive, heartsome work is ever done without it?

Suppose there *is* danger of excess and misdirection. Shall we put out the fire that heats the room, generates steam, melts the iron ore and purifies the gold, simply because we may burn our fingers with it? Nay, verily! Rather try to keep the fire in the right place — and the fingers too.

Zayat-work very largely filled the days at this time. Mrs. E. C. Judson gives us a vivid picture of this phase of labor. By the power of her pen we see the worn and often wearied missionary, seated under the fragile frame-work, upon which the Burman sun pours its fierce rays through the fever-laden air. The long day counts its minutes slowly, slowly. The thoughts fly to the study-table at home — the unopened periodical, the waiting letters — and to the frail wife, busied with household cares, all unrelieved.

The fainting spirit longs for a word of refreshment for itself, and the fingers touch a little book of devotion hidden in the pocket. But no! The resolute will forbids any diversion for a moment that may cause a single soul to pass unheeded, and the familiar Burman tract is taken up again and read aloud, while an old water-bearer pauses at the sound of a human voice, and listens awhile to the words; and priest and philosopher and little child pass in and out, with curious look or haughty stare or lingering interest. At last the sunset gates close on the day's work "by the wayside"; but long after the formal evening worship is over, and physical strength seems spent, the fervent spirit pleads with God for the old water-bearer, for priest and peasant, philosopher and little child. The opening of a place of public service seemed to quicken and concentrate the interest in the services. Inquirers multiplied. Two other converts were baptized soon after the first. But dangers threatened. The death of the emperor and the accession of his heir gave a new aspect to affairs.

The government was unfavorable toward the "new religion." The foreign teachers were restricted even in their walks. The viceroy issued an order that "No person wearing a hat, shoes or umbrella should approach within the sacred ground belonging to the sacred Pagoda," which ground extended so far as to include all the principal roads. The Great Pagoda was considered the most sacred in the country, because of the extraordinary possession of five or six hairs of Guatama.

Attendance at the zayat fell away. Fear prevailed, and there was no alternative but to petition the emperor in person for religious toleration.

Mr. Wheelock, one of the young recruits of the mission, had been cut off by death in a very sad manner. Mr. Col-

man remained and accompanied Mr. Judson to "beautiful golden Ava," to see the "golden face" and to present the request that involved so much.

They carried as a present the Bible in six volumes, richly ornamented with gold-leaf, in Burman style, each volume enclosed in a handsome wrapper. After a somewhat dangerous boat-journey, and many detentions, formalities and difficulties, requiring time and tact to overcome, they were at length admitted to "behold the golden face and the golden feet"; or, in other words, allowed to see the emperor, and present their petition.

After some curious and some indifferent questions put by the monarch, the request was emphatically denied and the petitioners and their present "huddled up and hurried away without much ceremony." Some further effort was made, but in vain, and the two missionaries went back to their boat for the return journey, wearied in body and mind; for they had walked eight miles a day for three days, under the scorching sun, and had endured great mental strain in addition. "Cast down but not destroyed," not even greatly discouraged, they returned to Rangoon to wait for a way to open.

A removal of the mission to Chittagong was thought wise, and Mr. Colman did indeed establish himself there, where, after a short, heroic career, he died. But at the earnest entreaty of the few native converts that the Judsons would remain with them till, at least, a church of ten be gathered, they gladly stayed in Rangoon.

The converts soon numbered ten, and the outlook grew more promising. Only sincere inquirers braved the danger of persecution. But the failure of Mrs. Judson's health made a voyage to Calcutta necessary. After three months' absence they returned, and days of prosperity continued for

a season. Then Mr. and Mrs. Judson were both very ill at the same time, and although Mr. Judson recovered, his wife's condition grew more and more alarming, so that a voyage to America became imperative.

The pain of this separation was so grievous that Mr. Judson said "he felt as if signing his death warrant in sending her," and during her absence even his buoyant spirits suffered occasional depression. Mrs. Judson sailed for America by way of England, and was absent two years, returning quite recovered in health. Dr. Wayland, who saw her while in this country, says that he does not remember to have met a more remarkable woman. He describes at length her clear intellect, large powers of comprehension, reliant courage, devout spirit, and profound feelings, though the grace of womanly delicacy veiled from open view the strong characteristics which occasion strikingly revealed.

In December, 1821, Rev. Jonathan Price, M. D., came to Rangoon to share Mr. Judson's solitude, and when Mrs. Judson returned, in 1823, Rev. Mr. Wade and wife came with her.

A second visit to Ava being deemed advisable at this juncture, Mr. Judson and Dr. Price undertook the mission. This time the "golden face" and the "golden feet" were propitious, and after some delays a piece of ground was given them for a zayat, and they were urged to establish a mission in Ava. Dr. Price remained in the city, and Mr. Judson promised to return with his wife. The two missionary families, the Houghs and Wades, assigned to Rangoon, were enough to hold that station, and Ava was an important post. The opening for labor there was hailed with joy.

Mr. Judson, now known in America as Dr. Judson, spent the intervening ten months, until his wife's return, in com-

pleting the translation of the New Testament into Burmese. Eight days after her arrival he set out with her for Ava, the great capital, with anticipations of enlarged opportunities, and arrived January 23, 1824, upon the ground of hoped-for activities, which proved to be the scene of those sufferings which were the crucial test of his energetic and impetuous nature. "Behold we count them happy which *endure!*"

CHAPTER IX.

COOL RECEPTION IN AVA — POLITICAL COMPLICATIONS — WAR CLOUDS — ARREST — PRISON LIFE IN AVA — THE HEROISM OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

ON reaching Ava the Judsons found that a year had wrought changes. A new privy council had been formed. Various things had occurred to bring foreigners into disfavor. Dr. Price was no longer popular at court, and Dr. Judson found that the king's face was "not toward him as before," and that the former advocates of his cause were missing.

A house to live in and to protect from heat and heavy dews was the first consideration. Small congregations of from fifteen to twenty persons were gathered in Dr. Price's house, but little aggressive work could be done A misunderstanding arose between the Bengal and Burman governments, and the forebodings of war were soon realized.

The strip of country known as Chittagong was the occasion of the controversy. This district was under British rule, and Burman refugees had fled there. The despotic king insisted that they should be returned. Moreover, he considered the whole province rightfully his, and, in his arrogance, thought himself able to recover it, and subjugate Bengal as well. All white foreigners were looked upon with suspicion as possible spies and conspirators.

For a time the distinction between the English and Americans was understood and observed; but presently it became known that the American missionaries received remittances of money by way of Bengal, and through the hands of an English gentleman. The principles of money-

exchange were so little understood that this was thought to be proof that the Americans were in the pay of the English.

The whispered accusation prevailed, and an order was given to "arrest the two teachers."

With the exceptional and touching reserve of his nature, Dr. Judson himself consigns his sufferings to oblivion, and crowds the long history of horrors into a brief letter; but from Mrs. Judson and other eye-witnesses we have full accounts of the protracted months of fiery trial.

The arrest occurred on the 8th of June, 1824, when a dozen Burmans, in company with one having a spotted face which marked him as an executioner, came to the house at dinner time on their cruel errand. The "son of the prison" seized Dr. Judson, saying, "you are called of the king," and throwing him upon the floor, drew out the torturing cord and bound him fast. The entreaties of wife and followers to be pitiful, only made the fiendish fellow tighten the bonds, till breathing was scarcely possible.

In the midst of frightful confusion the two missionaries were dragged away and committed to the death-prison. After destroying all letters and journals that might possibly be seized, Mrs. Judson took with her the two adopted Burman girls, and retiring to an inner room, barred the doors. The clamorous guard outside ordered her to unfasten them, and compelled her to do so by torturing her two Bengalese servants.

After a night of sleepless agony Mrs. Judson sent the Burman, Moung Ing, in the early morning, to find out Dr. Judson's condition. He reported the two teachers confined in the death-prison, fastened to a pole, and each fettered with three pairs of irons.

After repeated and desperate efforts and pleadings, and

the payment of a large sum of money, on the third day Mrs. Judson secured an order from the governor admitting her to the prison, though the iron-hearted warden allowed her to come only to the door, where her husband crawled to meet her, and was permitted to hold only a few minutes' conversation.

Thus began the slow torture that lasted eleven months in Ava, only to be lengthened into seventeen at Oung-pen-la, while twenty-one months intervened between the first imprisonment and final release.

The Oriental prison was a building forty feet long by thirty wide, five or six feet high at the sides, with a sloping roof that made the room higher in the center. The door was generally closed, and the only ventilation was through the chinks in the boards, while the thin roof was a poor protection against the burning heat of a tropical sun. In this room were confined nearly a hundred prisoners, of both sexes and all nationalities. It was said that the prison had never been washed or even swept since it was built, and its condition confirmed the statement. The teeming filth and intolerable odors were beyond all description. The room was furnished only with the cruel stocks and the poles to which the sufferers were fastened at night. The jailer exhausted a fiendish ingenuity in physical torture and sardonic jeers and mockery.

The contemplation of such scenes is almost more than any sympathetic nature can endure; yet it is right to dwell upon them long enough to realize what some of God's servants have suffered for His sake, proving His grace sufficient.

Dr. Judson was of a nature peculiarly susceptible to physical, mental and moral suffering.

His body had been racked by frequent illness. His common-sense remembrance that a missionary needed a body as

well as a soul, had indeed kept him in better preservation than many by means of daily exercise and careful observance of simple rules of health, yet fever and chills had burned and shaken him.

Naturally he was a gentleman of most fastidious tastes and habits. Order was a passion with him. Neatness and daintiness seemed second nature. His linen was always spotless, though it might be coarse. If he denied himself in the fineness of it, he luxuriated in its freshness. His coat was always well cared for, though a Bengalee tailor might "caricature European fashion" in the make thereof. His sensitive and refined spirit shrank from everything unseemly or coarse.

His sympathies were easily roused and wrought upon, and his tender heart longed for nearness to his loved ones. Thus constituted, every fiber of his being was wrenched and pained by his present surroundings.

Moreover he was not, at this time, of an even temperament. In the prime of his manhood (for he was just thirty-six), his restless, eager spirit spurned inaction, and nothing could have tried it so sorely as this long setting-aside from life's activities.

"For the waiting-time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all."

Yet, in all these things, suffering wrought perfection. The "good soldier" endured the hardness and came off "more than conqueror, through Him that loved him." He must have perished, humanly speaking, but for the heroic attendance of his faithful wife. The other prisoners were also deeply indebted to her. By means of incessant pleas and repeated gifts and sacrifices, she won a pitiful measure of relief from the worst forms of cruelty. With unfailing assiduity she provided meals, and such changes of raiment

as were allowed. The only English-speaking woman in Ava, and the only foreigner out of prison, she faced every danger with dauntless courage, and arrayed in the royalty of her queenly womanhood she walked unharmed among the cruel Burmans, who ventured no farther than to demand fresh extortions upon every occasion.

The attendance of the faithful Burman convert, Moung Ing, and the Bengalee cook formed her only earthly dependence, and their fidelity deserves the highest praise, particularly as no wages could be paid.

One day, having a little more time than usual, and pleasing herself with the thought of a pleasant surprise, she prepared a mince pie for her husband's dinner after much contrivance, using buffalo meat and plantains, and sent the dainty by the hand of the cook. Alas for her hope to give pleasure! The prisoner had borne up bravely before, and had even felt a thrill of pride in his wife's magnificent courage, but this little homely touch of womanly tenderness overcame him completely. And as

> "Sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things,"

so, by the thought of all she had been to him in the sweet home ties, and of still earlier days in the dear New England home, the strong man was melted to tears. A fellow prisoner received the dainty, for he could not eat it.

Perhaps the most pathetic incident of these bitter days was the father's first sight of his infant daughter, when, but twenty days old, she was brought to him, a "feeble, wailing, blue-eyed blossom," in her faithful mother's arms. Some touching verses composed immediately afterward, and committed to paper in happier days, show how his heart was moved.

About two months after the imprisonment Mrs. Judson

was allowed to make a little bamboo room adjoining the prison, and remove her husband to it; but later, when ill news came from the seat of war, the prisoners were thrust into the inner prison and their fetters multiplied.

Soon after, a lion, given some time previous to the king, but disgraced by the suggestion that the British bore a lion on their standard, and that this beast might be a demoniac charmer of the king's heart, was placed in a cage in the prison yard and starved. The piteous and fearful roarings of the starving animal added to the horrors till he died.

The lion's cage being preferable to the prison, Mrs. Judson, after much entreaty, secured it for Dr. Judson, as the fever which racked his frame threatened his life, in the close air of the common prison. So the slow months wore away.

CHAPTER X.

REMOVAL TO OUNG-PEN-LA — RELEASE — REQUIRED TO ACT AS INTERPRETER — FINAL FREEDOM — FOUNDING OF AMHERST.

ONE morning the governor sent for Mrs. Judson, on pretense of asking her something about his watch, and detained her some time. After the interview was over she was met by the alarming news that the white prisoners were gone. By persistent inquiries she discovered, at length, that they had been removed to the death-prison at Oung-pen-la.

Securing a pass, she set forth at once, with little Maria in her arms, through the burning heat and over a weary way. Partly by boat and partly by means of a wretched cart, whose jolting almost crazed her, she reached the place, and was guided to the prison, a decayed and shattered building unfit for human habitation. The scene of unspeakable misery that met her there was a perfect heart-break.

The prisoners had been hurried off without warning, robbed of their outer garments, and urged and driven along the rough way under the noonday sun over nine miles of burning sand, and with the imminent prospect of death upon arrival. Exhausted with fatigue and heat, life was scarcely more than a faint breath when the devoted wife found her husband at last.

His first exclamation was, "Why did you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here."

There was no available shelter for Mrs. Judson, but one of the keepers, yielding to her entreaty for a night's lodging place, gave her the use of a small room half full of grain, and in that filthy and forlorn place she spent the next six

months. Here the children (the adopted Burmans and little Maria) had the small-pox. After their recovery Mrs. Judson's own health gave way and for two months she was unable to go to the prison, the faithful Bengalee cook ministering to her husband in her stead.

The Pakan-woon, who had ordered and intended witnessing the execution of the white prisoners, was mercifully removed, being disgraced by the failure of his boasted plans to conquer the English, suspected of treason, and executed. Thus the lives of the white men were preserved. Negotiations of peace were well advanced before the prisoners even heard of them, but at length an order for Dr. Judson's release arrived, Dr. Price being set free afterward. He was, however, desired to act as interpreter and was ordered to the Burmese camp. Ill as he was, he was forced to go, and on the way and during six weeks' absence, he suffered exposures, privations and trials almost equal to prison life, except its fetters. He translated papers until the insanity of fever relieved him of the duty.

Mrs. Judson returned to Ava, only to be stricken with spotted fever and lose consciousness of outward things.

After untold adversities, dangers and delays — being remanded to prison through a mistake whose correction took time — Dr. Judson was finally sent back to Ava. Hastening as fast as his maimed ankles would allow, he reached his home only to be startled on entering by the sight of a fat, half-clothed Burman woman, holding a wan baby so covered with dirt as hardly to be recognized as his own child. On the bed he discovered a figure scarcely more familiar; for the wife was worn and pale from long illness, her glossy curls all gone, and her fine head covered with a disfiguring cotton cap.

But she was soon well enough to leave Ava, where it was

painful to stay, and by way of preparation the hidden valuables were unearthed or reclaimed. Among the most valuable things that survived the time of peril was the manuscript of the Burman translation of the New Testament, which had caused much solicitude, and had been remarkably preserved. It was buried in the earth at the beginning of troublous times, but fearing it would mold, Mrs. Judson sewed it into a pillow and gave it to her husband to use. When the prisoners were robbed and removed to Oung-pen-la, the jailer took possession of this pillow, and, doubtless wondering at the missionary's taste when he found it was so hard, he tore off the mat which covered it and threw the inside away. The Burman, Moung Ing, found it, and treasuring it as the sole memento of the teacher, carried it to Dr. Judson's house, where the precious manuscript was found within, unhurt.

At length the whole family left Ava. Long after, when a company of persons were discussing "the highest type of enjoyment derived from the senses," and giving illustrations, Dr. Judson said: "Pooh! These men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irriwaddy on a cool moonlight evening, your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free, all *free?* But *you* cannot understand it either, for it needs twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

CHAPTER XI.

FOUNDING OF AMHERST — JOURNEY TO AVA WITH ENGLISH EMBASSY — DEATH OF MRS. JUDSON — RETURN TO AMHERST — DEATH OF LITTLE MARIA — REMOVAL TO MAULMAIN.

ON the 24th of February, 1826, the treaty of peace was signed by the English and Burman commissioners. Dr. and Mrs. Judson and little Maria reached Rangoon on the 21st of March.

For two years the friends in America had heard nothing from them or of them, but, after reaching Rangoon, Mrs. Judson wrote home a full account of the long captivity, confessing that, aside from other hindrances, her mind was so absorbed by the one object of obtaining her husband's release, and her every faculty so intensely strained by the surrounding horrors, that it scarcely occurred to her that she *had* friends outside of Ava or that "never-to-be-forgotten place" Oung-pen-la.

But now the Christian world was thrilled with the story of suffering and heroic endurance. Who shall say that the "peaceable fruits" did not ripen in America, in sympathy and enthusiasm, as well as in the perfected characters of those who suffered and grew strong?

Refusing the offer of the English to retain him as interpreter at a salary of $3,000, the devoted missionary returned to his labors with all the fervor of his early efforts, and a faith that had triumphed always through his long trial, while his chastened spirit longed more than ever to devote itself to the single purpose of "this one thing I do."

The little mission at Rangoon, which ten years' labor

had built up, was broken and scattered. The missionary families of Messrs. Hough and Wade had been driven to Calcutta, and the native church membership was reduced from eighteen to four. Re-enforcements had arrived from America, eager to join Dr. Judson when he should be heard from. Rev. George Dana Boardman, the gifted and saintly man whose brief career has its enduring record on earth and in heaven, had come to the field with his beautiful and devoted wife, pronounced by English friends in Calcutta to be "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman they had ever known."

It was impossible to re-establish the mission in Rangoon, owing to the state of anarchy and of famine which followed the war, and the exasperated state of mind of the monarch throned in Ava.

The most propitious opening seemed to be in the Tenasserim provinces, a strip of coast country ceded to the British, but peopled with Burmans, and likely to become a place of refuge for many more.

A site for a new town was selected, and a settlement determined upon, to be called Amherst in honor of the governor-general of India.

Here the Judsons began missionary life once more, July 2, 1826, with four Rangoon converts, expecting to be joined shortly by Mr. and Mrs. Boardman and Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

Soon after the initial steps were taken, Dr. Judson was reluctantly compelled to visit Ava, in company with Mr. Crawfurd, the civil commissioner, to assist in the negotiation of a commercial treaty — his accurate and ready command of the language fitting him for this delicate diplomatic task. The promise of a clause giving religious liberty, in the treaty to be effected, was the only thing that won Dr. Judson's final consent to an expedition for which he had small liking.

Mrs. Judson, who had projected a girls' school, and was beginning her work in good health and good heart, urged him to go, and he yielded to what he believed to be the dictate of duty, though not of desire.

But the two and a half months spent in Ava covered one of the saddest periods of his life. Engaged in an uncongenial, tiresome and finally fruitless service, upon the scene of his former sufferings without the companionship that had lightened them, he chafed under the detention, and before it was over he received sore tidings from Amherst. On the 4th of November a sealed letter brought news of the death of Mrs. Judson.

In the midst of her fresh activities she was stricken with fever, and the constitution, so weakened by past hardships, could not endure the strain.

In the thirty-seventh year of her age, after fourteen years of married life filled with wifely devotion, and a heroism scarcely paralleled, and abundant in missionary toils as well, her frail hands unclasped, and dropped forever the weapons and the work of earthly life.

With no missionary friend at hand, with the weeping Burmans bewailing "the white mamma," and with the touch of gentle strangers only, to soothe her last unconscious hours, the wonderful life went out — went upward — to the waiting joy and crown.

The stricken husband hastened homeward, to find the grave made near the spot where they landed, under a hopia (hope) tree, "with a rude enclosure to protect it from intrusion."

Little Maria, cared for by Mrs. Wade, was for six months the solace of her father's loneliness, and then this fragile flower faded, and after two years and three months of earthly life, the little one was laid by her mother under the hopia tree.

So great was Dr. Judson's mastery over himself that he did not allow even his great sorrow to interfere with his missionary labors, though he could not help its effect upon his own life. He continued his regular duties faithfully, holding worship, teaching, preaching and translating.

The circumstances of the mission now made a change imperative. Expectations of increasing population in Amherst were disappointed. The establishment of a military post up the river at Maulmain, twenty-five miles north, at the mouth of the Salwen, caused that point to eclipse the Amherst settlement, and yielding to the pressure of new developments, the mission was removed to Maulmain.

CHAPTER XII.

SOLITARY LIFE — DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS — SELF-RENUNCIATION — RECOVERY OF EQUILIBRIUM — ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A MISSION AT PROME — RETURN TO RANGOON — SECLUSION FOR BIBLE TRANSLATION — DEATH OF MR. BOARDMAN.

THE period in Dr. Judson's life following his great bereavement was a marked one in his personal experience. It was very lonely and sad. He was human, of course, or he would not have had a home and history here on earth.

But a shallow mind, with low aspirations, would have been incapable of the deep experiences through which he passed, and of that approach to extremes which may be called "A generous nature's weed," or "A choice virtue gone to seed."

Worn out and broken by his captivity with its anguish of body and mind, feeling keenly the loss of wife and child, longing, with the fervor of an intense, concentrated nature, for perfect conformity to God's will and God's likeness, he was led into such introspection and such outward austerities as might have ended in fanaticism in a less perfectly balanced character. Without pronouncing upon the entire manifestation of it, the spirit of renunciation commends itself as an acceptable sacrifice, as the evident aim was to bring every thought and imagination into captivity to Christ.

Dr. Judson was of a very social temperament, but at this time he quite withdrew from society. His innate love of preëminence, fostered by his parents from babyhood, he cru-

cified by destroying everything that might be used in making him famous — all papers, testimonials and records of achievements in the past.

He denied his natural love of literature and poetic taste all indulgence in the wide realm opened to him by his necessary acquaintance with Burman literature; and though thoroughly conversant with its finest treasures, would not allow himself to translate any gems of poetry or thought which might divert his mind, please his fancy, or bring him fame. He declined the doctorate conferred upon him, long after it had been given, though in vain, as far as this was concerned, for he was called Dr. Judson universally.

He made over his personal property, the accumulations of thrifty business management, and the salaries received from government, without reserve, to the Board. He fasted forty days, taking only a little rice to sustain life. Filled with mortal dread of the physical aspects of death, he strove to conquer it by causing a grave to be dug, and, sitting beside it, gazed into it, and meditated upon all the successive stages and details of dissolution. He obtruded his views on no one. Indeed he was not noted for either giving or asking advice. In the midst of all these inflictions he steadily pursued his missionary work, and after a time, the influence of these activities prevailed; the really wholesome nature of the man re-asserted itself, and the severities were relaxed. "The heart at leisure from itself" clung to Christ, with a loving confidence and hope firmer than ever, while fresh tokens of tender sympathy and thoughtful love were shown to all around him, not forgetting the little children, to whom his winning ways endeared him always.

In accordance with a strong conviction that the light should be scattered, and reflected from as many centers as possible, Dr. Judson removed for a time from Maulmain to

Prome, where he sought earnestly to make some impression on the darkness round about. The faithful endeavor proved an outward failure.

At first many came to listen, and thousands heard the word preached from the old tumble-down zayat, occupied daily by the missionary, while tracts were distributed all the way up the river. But the prime minister, who hated all foreign intrusion, influenced the king against these efforts, and after three months' diligent labor, Dr. Judson was forced to forego all further attempt to penetrate these centers with the truth. Without any visible result of his labors, he reluctantly and sadly took leave of Prome, and returned to Rangoon, where he remained about a year. This whole region seemed open to one means of grace particularly — namely, the reception of religious literature — and this was distributed with a lavish hand.

The laborious work of translating the Scriptures was continued, the work being done in the seclusion of an isolated study, where few approached by day, and where only the bats disputed possession by night.

The time of the great annual festival in Rangoon, in March, 1831, was a magnificent opportunity, and a season of great encouragement. Dr. Judson himself gave away about ten thousand tracts, giving only to those who asked. Many came two or three months' journey from the borders of China and Siam. "Sir," they said, "we hear that there is a hell; we are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it."

Others from Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava, and from the interior, came with such questions and requests as these: "Sir, we have seen a writing that tells of an eternal God. Are you the man who gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before

we die." "Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ." Dr. Judson's appeal for larger supplies of tracts is pathetic. For a time he was so limited that he had to "deal them out like drops of hearts' blood."

After eighteen years' absence from home, a cordial invitation to return came to the toiling missionary from the Board in America. His almost irrepressible desire to go prompted an acceptance, but his conscience would not release him from labor, while the harvest was too great and laborers too few to spare his sharpened sickle, and he gratefully but resolutely declined.

Although forgetful of self, he was not unmindful of others, but was most solicitous about the health and welfare of the associate missionaries.

Mrs. Wade having returned too soon, after a slight rest from her cares, he wrote of her — "Mrs. Wade, I humbly conceive, ought to be apprehended and sent back as a deserter; and certainly no one ought to hesitate a moment at leaving domestic and missionary cares for the preservation of health."

While fearlessly exposing himself to any danger when anything was to be gained, even to a seemingly reckless degree, Dr Judson was so sensible as to take all precautions, and observe all conditions necessary to preserve his own health, regarding it as sacred capital to be used in his work.

The news of the death of Mr. Boardman fell heavily upon the hearts of the missionaries. The work of this devoted man among the Karens, is a luminous record. Seventy wild Karens were brought to a knowledge of the truth in less than three years, and many others instructed. When the short but fruitful life ended, the work was continued by Mrs. Boardman, who for three years maintained it among

the wild neglected tribes, facing dangers and enduring hardships with intrepid courage. When her husband died, Dr. Judson wrote her: "Take the bitter cup in both hands and sit down to your repast. You will find sweetness at the bottom." And so she did, and great joy thereafter, in her self-denying toils.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO MAULMAIN—TOURS IN KAREN JUNGLES — MARRIAGE TO MRS. BOARDMAN.

DR. JUDSON'S presence was now required in Maulmain, and he returned, after thirteen months' absence, to find a most encouraging state of affairs.

A number of Burmese, Karens and Talings had been added to the little church. Two million pages of tracts and Scripture translations had been printed. The missionaries had extended their efforts into the jungles, and a church of fourteen members had been organized at a place called Wadesville, named after the first missionary who preached there.

At the close of the year 1831, the Burman mission reported, through Dr. Judson, two hundred and seventeen baptisms during the twelve months, in the three stations, Maulmain, Tavoy and Rangoon.

Soon after his return to Maulmain, Dr. Judson began a series of itinerating tours among the Karens in the jungles. The Karens, as their name implies, were wild men, doubtless the remnants of an aboriginal race, and scattered throughout Burmah, Siam, and parts of China, in number from two to four hundred thousand.

They were simple children of nature, as described by Mr. Boardman, approachable, and easily influenced, but of vagrant habits, and needing much instruction.

A band of native helpers went with our missionary on these dangerous and wearisome jungle trips, held to him by his personal magnetism, and yielding their best powers to his direction, in response to his peculiar faculty for devel-

oping and utilizing native service in Christian work. The converts trained in practical methods under his personal supervision became the best possible pastors and helpers.

Dr. Judson's insight into Burman character was keen, and his skill in dealing with it appeared in small things. He had a characteristic way of paying his assistants. Knowing that Burmans were seldom satisfied with specified wages, he never made any agreement with them, but "contrived at unequal intervals to pop a paper of rupees — five, ten or fifteen — into their hands, without saying a word, keeping accurate private account of the sums, and making them amount to that agreed upon per month by the brethren." "However," he adds, in his bright way, after giving this plan, "I only show you my anvil. Hammer your tools on it, or upon another of your own invention, as you like."

The toils, trials, and triumphs which marked these perilous trips make up a thrilling history.

Sometimes cutting the way for a boat through fallen trees in the river, sometimes welcomed, at other times repulsed, yet finding or making opportunities everywhere, the missionary and his helpers went on, sowing and reaping, and rejoicing as they went.

In one place, on one of the frequent tours, Dr. Judson heard of a man and his wife who, though unbaptized and never seen by a foreign missionary, died rejoicing in the faith, the man requesting the tract, "View of the Christian Religion," to be laid on his breast and buried with him.

The "seed of the Word" does not always need a human hand to water it. The hand may *scatter* seed beyond an arm's-length, and ought to do it, not knowing "which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

A font of type having arrived for the benefit of the mission, it became necessary for Dr. Judson to return in

order to use it. It was a great trial to him to leave the work among the Karens, and he wrote sorrowfully: "Must I then relinquish my intenion of making another trip? Must I relinquish for many months and perhaps forever, the pleasure of singing as I go:

> "In *these* deserts let me labor,
> In *these* mountains let me tell?"

"Truly, the tears fall as I write."

The untrodden fields and the darkest portions always beckoned this eager spirit.

At the close of the year 1832 Dr. Judson reported one hundred and forty-three baptisms (sixty-seven being at the Karen station, Tavoy), making five hundred and sixteen persons baptized since arriving in Burmah, only seventeen of whom had been finally excluded.

On the first day of the new year, in response to an urgent appeal, a party of re-enforcements arrived from America.

This stirring heart-cry, signed by the five missionaries on the field, might well move those at home. "We are in distress," they wrote. "If every one of us could divide himself into three parts, happy would he be, not only to take leave of his native land and beloved connections at home, but of still nearer and more intimate connections." And then, after a pathetic recital of the needs of individual places, they appeal to God: "O, keep our faith from failing, our spirits from sinking, and our mortal frames from giving way prematurely, under the influence of the climate and the pressure of our labors. Have mercy on the churches of the United States, and hasten the time when no church shall dare to sit under Sabbath and sanctuary privileges without having one of their number to represent them on heathen ground."

It was nearly a year before the response came to this appeal, but it did come.

Eight years had now passed since the sad event of which the hopia tree was the landmark in the small enclosure in Amherst, when the renewal of domestic ties took place, April 10, 1834, in the marriage of Dr. Judson to Mrs. Sarah Boardman, and pleasant home-life began once more for both.

Soon after they were obliged to send little George Boardman to America. Though but six years old, it was time to remove him from the climate so fatal to the health and development of Anglo-Saxon children.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISSION TO THE JEWS PLANNED — COMPLETION OF BURMAN BIBLE — BEGINNING OF COMPILATION OF BURMAN DICTIONARY — DOMESTIC LIFE — ILLNESS.

DR. JUDSON'S interest was not confined to Burmah, though it centered there. His heart went out toward all the world. About this time he became interested in the Jews in the Holy Land, and enlisted also a devoted officer of high rank in the East India Company, in the project of establishing a mission among them. He secured large gifts and gave liberally himself, but for some reason his proposals to American brethren to further the work were not favored, and the matter apparently ended here. Yet Dr. Judson was unexpectedly used, long afterward, in doing good among this people for whose benefit he failed to organize effort as he wished.

Only a short time before his death, his wife, Mrs. E. C. Judson, read to him a paragraph containing the fact that a tract published in Germany, relating the labors of Dr. Judson in Burmah, and his sufferings in prison, had fallen into the hands of some Jews, exciting a deep interest and spirit of inquiry, leading to a request that a missionary be sent them from Constantinople. Mrs. Judson says of this incident: "His eyes filled with tears when I had done reading, but he spoke almost playfully at first, and in a way that a little disappointed me. Then a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and, clinging fast to my hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said: 'Love, this frightens me.' 'What?' 'Why, what you

have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came at some time, no matter how distant, in some way, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came. And yet, I have always had so little faith. God forgive me.'"

One of Dr. Judson's earliest and most ardent desires was to accomplish the translation of the whole Bible into the Burmese language. The task of translation was one for which he had small relish, compared with the work of preaching, and personal conversation. But feeling the need of the Word in the native tongue, he toiled on, through all his other labors, in the most painstaking way, upon the Burman Bible, turning every Hebrew and Greek word into its exact Burmese equivalent, and spending untold labor to insure the accuracy of every syllable. Under date of January 31, 1834, he wrote "Thanks be to God, I have now attained;" and kneeling down with the last leaf in his hand, he begged forgiveness for any sin polluting his efforts, and commending the book to God's mercy, solemnly dedicated it to His glory. But after seventeen years' work in translation, seven more were spent in revision, and it was not until October, 1840, that the last sheet was given to the press. So long as a thing could be improved, Dr. Judson could not let it alone. He said himself that his besetting sin was "a lust for *finishing*."

After twenty-four years' arduous endeavor after perfection, the final touch was given. His own modest estimate of the translation gives little idea of this monumental work.

The most critical and exhaustive study was bestowed upon it, while the illumination of the Spirit was constantly sought. His mastery of the difficult language seemed a perfect marvel, and competent judges insist that this is the

most perfect book of its kind in India. A distinguished linguist, a gentleman of high rank, said of the stupendous accomplishment: "As Luther's Bible is now in the hands of Protestant Germany, so, three centuries hence, Judson's Bible will be the Bible of the Christian churches of Burmah." Let this be told as a memorial of him.

Some time after, the Board urged the compilation of a Burman dictionary, a work which the Doctor said he had "resolved and re-resolved never to touch," wishing to devote himself to zayat-work and similar efforts. However, he yielded to necessity and solicitation, and began the compilation, not expecting to finish it as planned, in two parts—Burman and English, and English and Burman—but thinking it his duty to "plod on while day lasted and bequeath the plodding and the profit to any brother who should come after him, and complete the work after he should obtain his discharge.

Dr. Judson's home life was very beautiful. His wife was in every way congenial, sharing and assisting his labors with remarkable aptitude and efficiency, sympathizing intelligently in brain-work and heart-burdens, and blessing his home with her gentle presence. The little children that came greatly brightened the father's life. He was such a tender father, and so fond of giving innocent diversions and pleasant surprises to his children. The little poems written for them, and his letters to them, at different seasons, during occasional separations, show a winning playfulness mingled with loving earnestness. At one time, when Mrs. Judson went to Calcutta for her health, leaving the younger children, and taking the eldest daughter with her, the father wrote to Abby, aged ten:

. . . . . "I have had a little meeting with Adoniram and Elnathan, and now they are asleep. Edward has be-

come a fine, fat little fellow; I am sure you would not know him again. He has not yet made any inquiries about his mother or sister. Indeed, I doubt very much whether he is aware that he has any such relatives, or if he ever exercises his mind on such abstruse topics. Perhaps he fancies that black Ah-mah is his mother, since she nurses him, and does not know what a fair, beautiful, fond mother he has at Mergui, who thinks of him every day. However, when he gets larger, we will tell him all about these matters. . . . . Both the kittens are dead, and the old yellow cat has been missing for several days. She was very thin and apparently very ill when we last saw her. So I suppose she crept away into some secret place and died. Alas! poor pussy!

"I pray every day that somewhere during your travels with dear mamma you may receive a blessing from God and return home a true Christian. . . . . Remember these two lines:

"'Sweet in *temper, face* and *word*
To please an ever-present Lord.'"

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

When Dr. Judson was fifty years old, and had been in Burmah twenty-five years, his wiry strength gave way. He lost his voice; his lungs troubled him, and a voyage to Calcutta became necessary. After ten months' absence he returned much improved.

Then Mrs. Judson's health failed, the children also fell ill, and another voyage was imperative. When the family arrived in Serampore, little Henry, aged one year and seven months, was taken from them. With sad hearts they laid him away in that strange place and went on their way.

A circuitous sea voyage, made through the generous kindness of a ship captain, greatly improved the health of the whole family, and the records of Dr. Judson's work among the sailors, during the voyage, show that he was always about his "Father's business"

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. JUDSON'S FAILING HEALTH — SEA VOYAGE — REVIVING STRENGTH — PLAN FOR DR. JUDSON TO RETURN TO HIS WORK — RELAPSE — DEATH OF MRS. JUDSON.

DR. JUDSON'S recovery proved to be only partial. His lungs continued weak and his voice faint. Meanwhile, Mrs. Judson's health failed alarmingly, and a voyage to America became the only human hope of saving the life so precious to her family and so valuable to the mission. Feeling that it would be nothing less than "savage inhumanity" to let her go alone, Dr. Judson decided to accompany his wife, taking the three older children, and leaving the three younger, the youngest of whom was three and a half months old.

Leaving the native church, and the work that had occupied thirty-two years, proved even a greater trial than he had thought. The prospect of separation revealed to pastor and people their deep love for each other. In order to continue the work upon the dictionary, so necessary to finish, two competent Burman assistants were selected to go with the missionary and aid him in completing it, as he hoped to give much time to the enterprise upon the homeward voyage.

Owing to a rough sea at the outset, the ship sprung a leak, and the captain altered his course, directing it toward the Isle of France, reaching Port Louis July 5, 1845. Here Mrs. Judson seemed for a time so much improved that there was a mutual agreement to separate, Dr. Judson to return to the waiting field, the wife to continue her journey alone.

Surely nothing but the love of Christ could have constrained to such a costly sacrifice as this. In each devoted and loving heart it was a triumph of grace over nature, such as is rarely seen.

Although the separation did not take place as planned, "the willing mind" must have been accepted. And, as the perfume of the "unused sweet spices" lingers in the sacred record to-day, so the fragrance of this oblation, in the offering of a broken will to God, shall never perish.

It was at this time and place that Mrs. Judson wrote the exquisite lines that her name must always suggest:

We part on this green islet, love—
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O, when to meet again!

. . . . . .

My tears fall fast for thee, love,
How can I say farewell?
But go, thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

. . . . . .

Then gird thine armor on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Buddh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway.

The two Burman assistants were sent home, Dr. Judson expecting to follow after seeing his wife on board ship for America. But the fair promise of returning health was unfulfilled, and after three weeks at Port Louis, Dr. Judson embarked with the invalid, only to watch the fading life for a few days, while the vessel neared St. Helena, and on the 1st of September, 1845, the sweet spirit of this gracious and gifted woman left its worn tabernacle and put on

immortality. So passed away a lovely, loving and beloved one, while her works do follow her.

Gentle and unassuming, yet strong and brave, with fine abilities, and extraordinary attainments in the language, she was especially fitted for her foreign service. The Scripture lessons, catechisms and hymns prepared by her, attest her diligence, and her capabilities as well.

She died at three o'clock in the morning; at six o'clock P.M. they laid her away in the burial place belonging to Mission ground, in the rocky island of St. Helena, and in the evening the ship sailed away.

A stone was afterward sent and set up to commemorate her name and work, and mark the place where they laid her, in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-first of her missionary life.

In a little volume of Burmese hymns, compiled by Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, which her husband presented to a lady in New York, he wrote upon the fly-leaf:

"The wings of the Maulmain songstress are folded in St. Helena." Yes, truly. But not the soul of the singer, and not the wings of the song!

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL IN AMERICA — PUBLIC HONORS — ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS CHUBBUCK.

IT was a sad home coming for Dr. Judson, with his motherless children. He came, not only bereaved, but in broken health, with husky voice and with Burmese words more ready upon his tongue than English; for, in his great desire to assimilate himself to Burmese styles of thought, as well as expression, he abjured his own language and, as he said, "burnt his bridges," so that for public speech his mother tongue was strangely unfamiliar.

His voice was unequal to any strain; and before coming home he begged that no one would tempt him to the imprudence of using it in public, saying that since there were "thousands of preachers in English, and only five or six Burmese preachers in the whole world, he might be allowed to hoard up the remnant of his breath and lungs for the country where they were most needed."

In addition to this, the natural shyness of a long absence prevented any expectation of great demonstrations, and he was little prepared for the public honors lavished upon him, and the public demands made.

The loving welcome touched his heart. The praise and popularity he could hardly bear.

Many things were unfamiliar and surprising in the native land, unvisited in thirty-two years, and in minor matters some amusing incidents occurred. As, for instance: The system of railways had come into existence since he left home. "He entered the cars at Worcester one day, and had just

taken a seat when a boy came along with the daily papers. He said to Dr. Judson, 'Do you want a paper, sir?' 'Yes, thank you,' the missionary replied, and, taking the paper, began to read. The newsboy stood waiting for his pay, until a lady-passenger, occupying the same seat with Dr. Judson, said to him, 'The boy expects to be paid for his paper.' 'Why,' replied the missionary, with the utmost surprise, 'I have been distributing papers gratuitously in Burmah so long that I had no idea the boy was expecting any pay.'"

He often disappointed people who were anxious to hear his adventures, by preaching a simple Gospel sermon, or making a fervent personal appeal, instead of referring to his own experiences.

Yet the sympathy and love that were attracted to the hero of Ava, not only evidenced but cultivated a sincere interest in Foreign Missions, and the tours made through the country greatly advanced the cause. The personal influence either roused or ripened an earnest enthusiasm.

Sometime after his return, while engaged in a series of visitations, Dr. Judson met Miss Emily Chubbuck, a writer of note and of character, at the house of a mutual friend. A volume of her light sketches, called "Trippings," had been put into his hands to beguile an idle hour on a journey. He admired the talent evinced, and said he would be glad to know the writer—but added: "The lady who writes so well ought to write better. It is a pity that such fine talents should be employed on such subjects." His friend, Dr. Gillette, told him he might soon have the pleasure of meeting "Fannie Forester," who was then a guest in his own house.

Upon the occasion of Dr. Judson's first call at the home of his friend, Miss Chubbuck was submitting to the very interesting operation of vaccination.

After it was over the doctor led her to a sofa, saying he wished to talk with her. She playfully expressed herself as delighted, and he asked her, seriously, how she could, in conscience, devote her genius to such inferior subjects. The young lady melted, and frankly told him how her early poverty and the pressure of responsibilities had driven her to use all means at command to meet her obligations.

The comparatively innocent and more popular vein of fiction being most rewardful, she preferred that to school-teaching and other employments.

The sympathetic heart of her listener was touched, and criticism was disarmed by the pathetic story.

Being in search of a biographer for Mrs. Sarah Judson, he invited Miss Chubbuck to write the memoir, this being indeed his first object and errand in seeking her. She consented, and the intercourse thus brought about furthered an acquaintance that ripened into life-long friendship.

Miss Emily Chubbuck was a native of central New York, and spent most of her childhood in her birth-place, the little town of Eaton, where the alders fringe the merry stream whose ripples are so musical in the book of sketches named "Alderbrook." The father was unfortunate; and though it was honest poverty which the family endured, its trials were bitter and its privations severe. The little Emily early began to assist in the support of the family in various ways. Before she was twenty she proved herself a successful teacher, though the village scholars were larger than their mistress. She also contributed poems of genuine merit to the village papers. An excellent opportunity to finish her own education was afforded her by the Misses Sheldon, of Utica, N Y., then conducting a girls' school. With health sadly impaired by early toils and hardships she diligently, though often painfully, improved her advantages, and meanwhile

wrote for the press a number of admirable stories for children, as well as delightful sketches for older readers.

The trials and struggles of her youth developed the intense intellectual and spiritual nature of the gifted girl, who was indeed beautiful in person mind and spirit.

The dauntless courage, the imperious will, the real genius of the woman, triumphed over all the hindering circumstances and conditions of her life, and achieved success in admiring recognition of her power, and loving appreciation of her loveliness, yielded by all who knew her.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARRIAGE — LONGINGS TO RETURN — DEPARTURE — ARRIVAL IN MAULMAIN — REMOVAL TO RANGOON — RETURN TO MAULMAIN — "MY BIRD."

DR. JUDSON and Miss Chubbuck were married in Hamilton, N. Y., on the 2d of June, 1846. The public was not satisfied with the marriage. The literary world thought it a shame for the brilliant young writer to wed "that old missionary." The religious world thought a writer of fiction scarcely the wife for a missionary. However, the two most interested settled matters for themselves.

It was rather singular that both Mrs. Sarah Judson and Mrs. Emily should have been, in a degree, influenced by the life and character of Ann Hasseltine Judson, in earlier days, and without personal acquaintance. At the time of little Roger Judson's death, Miss Sarah Hall, afterward Mrs. Boardman, was deeply moved in sympathy, and wrote a little poem about it, her thoughts doubtless turning to the young mother, so bereaved. In her girlhood Emily Chubbuck was greatly impressed by reading the memoir of Mrs. A. H. Judson, and felt in her secret heart that she herself ought to become a missionary, and *would* become one, though she only half confessed to herself what was then irksome to think of.

In spite of the attractions of the home-land, the heart of the missionary longed for Burmah; and six months after his marriage, having arranged for the care and education of his children, Dr. Judson with his wife sailed for Maulmain, reaching the place after a four months' voyage.

Part of the time on shipboard was spent in revising the English and Burmese part of the dictionary.

The children, Henry and Edward, were awaiting them, but the wan face of the baby Charlie was missing. The little boy was gone.

There were laborers enough in Maulmain, and the interior regions, being still untaken for Christ, invited self-denying labor. Dr. Judson decided to return to Rangoon, his old field, seeing the need there, and hoping also that he might once more penetrate to Ava. Accordingly the family removed to that forbidding place, where outward comforts were few enough, and "room to deny themselves" was certainly abundant.

The house was gloomy as a prison, and Dr. Judson describes a "bat hunt," in which he says: "Two hundred and fifty of the thriving vagabonds, occupying the upper moiety of the upper story, were bagged in hopes of making it a round thousand presently."

The Judsons were not fully settled in these forlorn quarters when they heard of the burning of the house where were stored the valuables they would not risk bringing with them.

The intolerance of Government hindered open effort, but the dictionary progressed, and some quiet work was accomplished.

In a private letter Dr. Judson writes, under date March 11, 1847:

"We had a good communion last Sabbath, ten Burmans present, one Karen, and two foreigners. The converts are very timid, but there are two or three good inquirers among the Burmans and several among the Karens. We have plenty to do. What with a little missionary work, and what with our studies, and what with visiting, our hands are full,

for we can't get rid of company even here. Wife and I occupy remote ends of the house, and we have to visit one another and that takes up time. And I have to hold a meeting with the rising generation every evening and that takes time. Henry can say 'twinkle, twinkle,' all himself, and Edward can repeat it after his father! — giants of genius! paragons of erudition!"

A few days later he writes further of the difficulties attending his work, as he was recognized and allowed to remain only as a lexicographer, and not as a missionary, and says: "Any known attempt at proselyting would be instantly amenable at a criminal tribunal, and would probably be punished by the death of the proselyte and the banishment of the missionary. All efforts must be conducted in private and are therefore very limited. It is, however, a precious privilege to be allowed to welcome into a private room a small company, and pour the light of truth into their immortal souls — souls that but for the efficacy of that light would be covered with gloom and darkness, darkness to be felt to all eternity."

The little assemblies gradually increased to twenty, thirty and upward, and began to attract the attention of Government, although the attendants upon service were not so imprudent as to come all at once.

They came at intervals between daylight and ten o'clock, and upon all sorts of ostensible errands, some bringing parcels or dishes of fruit, or with robes tucked up appeared as coolies, and others, disdaining disguise, came as if to visit the foreigner. When all were gathered, the doors were barred.

But one Saturday morning the startling news came that the bloody ray-woon, as one of the vice governors was called, had his eye upon the company, and most adroit measures had to be used to keep the little flock from assembling.

A series of petty annoyances and persecutions followed, that greatly hindered effective work.

Every member of the missionary family suffered from severe illness about this time, partly through privations endured, but, as Dr. Judson said, "they continued to breathe," and the chief consideration with them was the furtherance of the work of the mission. It was possible, and even probable that, by a visit to Ava and the intervention of a friend at court there, religious toleration might be secured, and an opportunity to open a station in the golden city itself. With a consuming desire to advance the cause, the missionaries decided to venture everything and go to Ava. It did not once occur to them that *money* would be wanting. Mrs. Judson writes: "The letter from Maulmain with no appropriation for our contemplated expedition, and giving us only twenty rupees to cover the eighty-six rupees we were even then expending, came upon us like a sudden tornado in a sunny day. 'I thought they loved me,' Dr. Judson said mournfully, feeling not only the disappointment but the manner and the channel of it. 'I thought they loved me, and they would scarcely have known it if I had died. All through our troubles I was comforted with the thought that the brethren in Maulmain and America were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us.' Sometimes he would talk hopelessly of the impulsive nature of home movements, and at others, pray in a voice of agony that these sins of the children of God might not be visited upon the heathen."

But this state of excitement, peculiarly unnatural for him, was soon controlled, and he began to contrive apologies for every one, and to find the will of God in all things, and by the time he had opportunity to write to Maulmain and Boston, it was with such serenity and submission that few

realized the intensity of his disappointment at the time. A more liberal policy gave opportunity and authority for this expedition at a later period, but all too late to act upon.

The family now returned to Maulmain. Mrs. Judson writes: "The good man works like a galley-slave. He walks or rather runs over the hills a mile or two every morning, and then — down at his books, where it is puzzle, puzzle, scratch, scratch, until ten at night."

Scarcely a month passed without witnessing the baptism of some Burmans, Karens, Peguans, or descendants of Europeans in some of the churches. In 1849 there were one thousand five hundred or two thousand baptized communicants in all the churches under the care of this mission, beside double that number exclusively Karen, attached to the Arracan Mission, and also a church of thirty or forty Burmese on the Arracan coast.

By this time Mrs. Judson had attained such knowledge of the language as to be able to complete the series of Scripture questions begun by Mrs. Sarah Judson, and to conduct a Bible class and native female prayer-meeting.

It was in Maulmain that the poet-mother wrote the exquisite poem "My Bird," after "this seeming visitant from Heaven" had come, "with its immortal wing."

Nothing is more closely associated with her very self than these widely known verses:

Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred
Whose waters nevermore shall rest.

. . . . . .

Doubts — hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God, our earnest prayer—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

When little Emily Frances was a year old, Dr. Judson writes: "We are a very happy family; not a happier, I am sure, on the broad earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOMESTIC LIFE — FAILURE OF MRS. JUDSON'S HEALTH — ILLNESS OF DR. JUDSON.

WE like to judge everything from within, whether it be a house or a human being, a book or a life. A door is not valued simply for its silver name-plate, nor a book for its binding, but both are useful only when they open to us and give access to treasures within. So the outward history of a person must lead to the life within, or his personality will have no hold upon us.

The man has so much to do with the missionary that a record of deeds is incomplete without a glimpse of person and character.

At sixty Dr. Judson retained the buoyancy of youth and the enthusiasm of early life, controlled by the wisdom of riper years.

He was intensely sympathetic, with rare powers of comforting, and capable of profound feeling, yet vivacious and even playful, genial, and often mirth-provoking in a quiet way of his own. Are not laughter and tears companion-gifts in the strongest and sweetest natures?

In person he was of medium height and compactly built. His chestnut hair showed scarce a trace of gray.

The spiritual and intellectual life which beamed in his expression attracted attention at once, while his quiet manner and gracious courtesy marked the well-bred gentleman as thoroughly as the wisdom and grace of his conversation revealed the earnest Christian.

Jean Paul's creed seemed embodied in his own — he

"loved God and every little child." His intercourse with children was beautiful.

From his wife's account of his thoughtful attentions, he seems never to have been remiss in "the small sweet courtesies of life" or its gentle amenities and ministries. He had a fashion of sending her bits of notes, bright little messages, from his study or from the scenes of labor and consultation when he might be unexpectedly detained. If she were sleeping when he went out for his early morning walks, he left some scrap containing a pleasant morning-word pinned on her curtains to meet her waking glance.

These finer touches heightened the effect of the strong lines of greatness in the man of heroic courage and endurance, of stern, uncompromising integrity and faithfulness.

His love of order and neatness was almost extravagant. He always dusted his own books and papers, and could find the smallest thing in the dark at any time. He seemed to think that temptation came to him through this and kindred natural traits, as witness some "Points of Self-denial to be observed" found in his journal, which show how fully he determined to bring all things into subjection to the Supreme Will.

POINTS OF SELF-DENIAL.

1. The passion for neatness, uniformity and order in arrangement of things — in dress, in writing, in grounds.

2. A disposition to suffer annoyance from little improprieties in behavior and conversation on the part of others.

3. A desire to appear to advantage, to get honor and avoid shame.

4. A desire for personal ease and comfort, and a reluctance to suffer inconvenience.

5. Unwillingness to bear contradiction.

It would seem that the interior of Burmah was not the only field he sought minutely to explore.

In 1849 Mrs. Judson's health failed, and her husband's great anxiety about her filled him with forebodings of separation, little realizing that he was to precede her to the "rest remaining."

She recovered to a hopeful degree, but in November of the same year Dr. Judson took a severe cold while assisting in the care of one of the children suddenly taken ill in the night.

This was followed by fever, more violent than ever suffered before. His lungs became seriously affected and a terrible cough racked his delicate frame. Two or three short trips along the coast failed to benefit or relieve him, and a long sea-voyage seemed the only earthly hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEA VOYAGE UNDERTAKEN — ALARMING SYMPTOMS—DEATH AND BURIAL.

IN April, 1850, Dr. Judson was conveyed on board a French bark, bound for the Isle of Bourbon. The superintendent of the mission press, and a Burman servant went with him. Mrs. Judson accompanied him to the ship and afterward, while it waited in the harbor, visited him again for a last good-bye, before returning to the little children. Dr. Judson suffered extremely, yet felt that he would recover. He was much drawn toward heaven, yet said "A few years would not be missed from an eternity of bliss, and he could well afford to spare them for sake of his family and the poor Burmans." He longed to finish his dictionary, and go on with other labors, for "he was not old," he said, feeling the pulse of youth still bounding within him, in love and longing, and devotion to his work. But his sufferings increased, his fever grew more violent, and his mortal weakness and excessive pain were pitiful to see.

At three o'clock on Friday afternoon, April 12, he said in Burmese to the native servant: "It is done, I am going." After a quiet hour, broken only by a few words of direction, and of remembrance for his wife, the end came peacefully, the agony being relieved toward the last, allowing him to go gently out of life, till, in a moment, he was past it all forever, where

> "One little hour will soothe away
> Time's months of care and pain."

It seemed to his friends and followers that at the hour of his death he was best fitted for life. But afterward, re-

calling the almost startling growth in grace in one who "ever kept his richest graces for the unguarded moments of private intercourse," his wife wondered that she did not recognize, in his increasing spirituality, delight in devotion, and love for all men, the indication of readiness for heaven, and the nearness of his entering in. Although her eyes were holden, yet so it was, and the time of the end had come.

When all was over it was found necessary to prepare for immediate burial. At eight o'clock in the evening the ship's crew assembled to witness the last office, and in the midst of a profound silence the precious mortal part was committed to the sea.

The ship was but nine days out of Maulmain, and scarce three days out of sight of Burmah's mountain peaks.

"The Lord knoweth the place of his sepulchre," and a day will come when "the sea shall give up its dead."

The news of the death of the "Apostle of Burmah" thrilled all the Christian world, and the tributes to his memory testified that the influence of his life and labors touched every shore, and moved a multitude of hearts.

The loss and loneliness, as felt in the home at Maulmain, may be imagined from the exquisitely touching lines written by Mrs. Judson soon after her husband left her, and inscribed to her mother:

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild southwest monsoon has risen
On broad gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb — alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stain,

Mold gathers on the walls — would heaven
'Twere *only* on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain — ah me!
The chill, the mold, the rain!

. . . . . .

Sweet mother, for the exile pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may rest in heaven — her soul
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

All fearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky —
Fast to the cross I cling, O Christ:
To thy dear cross I cling.

CHAPTER XX.

RESULTS OF LABOR — CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE — CONQUEST AND CROWN.

NEAR the spot where stood the lion's cage, outside the dreary prison, stands a Christian church, parsonage and schoolhouse, built by the king of Burmah, while sons of the royal family have attended the school. So runs the record, in an interesting sketch found in a recent "History of Baptist Missions:"

The changes witnessed in Dr. Judson's life-time are thus fitly symbolized.

He went out into the thick darkness of Burmah, feeling that it would be ample reward if he could see a church of one hundred members gathered, and the Bible translated into the native tongue. When he had been there a quarter of a century he recorded his joy in having contributed to the conversion of the first Burman, the first Karen, the first Peguan and the first Toung-thoo, and adds that the converts from heathenism number over a thousand that have been formed into churches throughout the land.

At the time of his death the number of native Christians, publicly baptized, reached over seven thousand, while hundreds had died in the faith during the thirty-seven years of his ministry.

There were sixty-three churches under the care of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, native pastors and assistants. The translation of the Bible was an accomplished fact, and, in its perfection, a most important factor in the Christianization of the country and in the history of missions.

The dictionary, designed to fill two quarto volumes of five or six hundred pages each, was more than half finished, the English and Burmese part being complete, and the Burmese and English part somewhat advanced, and complete up to the stopping place.

Thousands of pages of tracts written by Dr. Judson had been sown broadcast.

Was not a sight of the superstructure a sufficient recompense to him who toiled at the foundations and laid them broad and deep? Certainly he thought his labors overpaid when evening brought him home and he entered into the "joy of his Lord."

What he *did* by the "good hand of his God upon him" was wonderful. What he *endured* "as seeing Him who is invisible" was as marvelous. What he *was* attests the power and grace of God no less.

In early life he was providentially used in assisting to precipitate two great movements and organizations for the furtherance of missions; and now, "He being dead yet speaketh" with the pathos of prison agonies, with the power of a devoted life, and the fervor of an enthusiastic consecrated spirit whose influence cannot die, whose memory is an eloquent appeal that cannot be silenced.

In May, 1880, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened in Saratoga, N. Y. The eminent missionary-moderator, Dr. H. H. Jessup, of Syria, who served first under the American Board, before the Presbyterian Board was organized, tarried after the session of the Assembly and visited the Baptist Convention then in progress in the same city.

As an honored guest he was invited to speak, and the breathless silence which awaited the words of the veteran missionary was broken and thrilled with his inspiring plea

for continued and increasing effort in an enterprise so Christ-like. At the close he said that upon reaching heaven, "the first person whose hand he wished to grasp, next to the Apostle Paul, would be Adoniram Judson's."

There are incidents on record, though they need not be related, of those who have been led into the kingdom and service of our Lord, and of others moved to new devotion and fresh activities by the influence of this unending life, though we say, in common fashion, "It was over long ago."

If it is "the same Lord over all" who is "rich unto all that call upon Him," and still gives "grace and glory," is there not the same standard of devotion for all, and "the same spirit," though gifts may differ?

Who will follow this devout and tireless toiler, as he followed Christ, into the desert, seeking the lost, and for "the joy set before" — "endure the cross?"

Who will serve at home with greater devotedness, and thus fill up the measure of those "who without us are not made perfect"?

It may be thought that the biographers of noted characters take their records from an historical dial, "that marks only the sunny hours," in regard to attainments, gifts and grace.

Be it so. One does not ignore, but rather imply the inward evil and outward tests, in recording the triumphs.

Is it not, in its essence, really a gracious human tendency that leads us to forget the things that are behind, of failure and of fault, when at last the victory is won, and

> "Death has set its hallowing touch
> On speechless lip and brow?"

This tendency should not grow into exaggeration of virtue nor extenuation of faults. It does account for the "selecting memory" of those who recall and record the charac-

ter and characteristics of those who have "finished their course."

The character of Dr. Judson was not a flawless one, but it became a "polished stone," before it was "fitly set."

If he had had little to contend with, why did it cost him such severe struggle to bring everything into subjection to Christ? It was not that it was *easy*, but that

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispered low, 'thou must,'
> The soul replied, 'I can.'"

We may put the latter part of the quotation in the past tense for him.

A brief sketch passes hastily over beginnings and growths, concerning itself with results; but a long life means steady conflict with inward impulses and outward obstacles.

The eye of the painter may glance from mountain peak to peak in a moment, but the feet of the pilgrim must take all the weary steps between.

With Dr. Judson it was the discipline and determination of a life-time that chastened the restless spirit, curbed the fiery ambition, controlled the imperious will and sometimes too self-reliant judgment, and resisted the "moods and frames of mind" to which his not always even temperament subjected him.

Through years of service and self-sacrifice the rich endowments of heart and brain were "made perfect through suffering." The confident faith and ardent love, the superior intellectual gifts and the grace of humility, the courage and tenderness, the lovable qualities of the man, endear the missionary and give emphasis and influence to his work. In the little town of Malden, near Boston, Mass., the visitor to the

Baptist meeting-house may see therein a marble tablet thus inscribed:

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON,
Born August 9, 1788,
Died April 12, 1850.
Malden his birthplace,
The ocean his sepulchre,
Converted Burmans and
The Burman Bible
His monument.
His record is on High.

Not alone do "mournful marbles" serve as fair memorial stones. But the *whole* of this wonderful story as yet has never been told. While there is still an opportunity for influence, we cannot say "it is finished"; and while the great work presses upon us we cannot say, "*It is enough!*"

O life, laid down upon the sea
Whose restless tides are ever flowing,
What currents setting forth from thee
Go all abroad beyond our knowing!

NOTE.—The materials for this sketch have been drawn from Dr. Wayland's Memoir of Dr. Judson, from a few chapters in "The History of Baptist Missions" and from Rev. Edward Judson's "Life" of his father.

If this glimpse of a life so rich and full shall be like the portal to a palace, and invite any to enter more fully into the study of the character and labors of Dr. Judson, as given by his son in the latter volume, neither the reading nor the writing of this smaller book will be in vain.

J. H. J.

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